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The End Of Us

dystopia   cyborg

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Chapter 1 by jk

She wasn't going to die. Not today, anyway.

The mass of rugged, almost-wild, people (if you could call them that), surrounded The Pole. It was the tallest thing in The Complex and the people had irrational fear for anything to do with the massive structure.

It was the symbol for the extreme control in the crowded complex. Every day, the cyborg guards would pick people at random. Some days, only one person, but some days, unlucky thirteen would be chosen. Those chosen would be paraded around The Pole, and then, be made to go into the black hole surrounding the base of The Pole.

None returned. Not that anyone expected them to.

They were the unfortunates.

And she was one of them. Unfortunately.

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I......I would have been in her position if I had been given a 'name' one place earlier. Her 'name' was #000356. One place, that's all that separated life and death. All that gave life. One place. I couldn't bring myself to look at her. Her 'parents' didn't care. "It's what you've been called to do since birth." they say. I think that it's really because they want a new unit, so they have to get rid of their old one. Units are what they call us children. "Unfortunates, please report to the house court." a loud booming voice said on the speakers. No. It was too late, they were going to start on the journey any moment.

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The cyborg suddenly pushed her from the edge and she fell. Falling. Into the abyss.
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